## THE DAYMOND CASE

Judge Marcellus, Fleeing Mystery at the Seashore, Runs Into More Mystery in the Mountains.

Judge Josiah Marcellus went to the mountains, seeking in their remoteness from the city that absolute release from professional cares which he had not found by the sea.

It seemed good to return to the comforts of Lyndon Inn. They were all there-the deep veranda, the well appointed rooms, the generous table; and yet he felt rathe than marked a difference. Repose had gone from the atmosphere, and in its stead meertainty and suspense lurked indefin-

greeted him with the cordiality due an old and honored guest, expressing much re-gret that their daughter Helen, once a ttle favorite of his and now grown into a fine girl, should be away on a visit. But there was a faraway look in the man's eyes; the set of his jaws, always resolute. was desperate in its doggedness, while mething, -could it be terror?-had shrunk the placid comeliness of the woman.

Old Nubbins, the waiter, as adept and attentive as twenty years before, breathed a possible hint in his explanation of the superfluity of fish and the scarcity of meat

"You see, sir," he whispered, "the old man didn't come to time this morning; so the butcher cut him off."

This intimation was strengthened that evening when the Judge returned from his stroll. The parlors presented a pleasant even a brilliant scene, with the guests grouped around the walls or at the windows enjoying the admirable performance on the piano by a picturesque old lady.

In the office there was dissatisfaction even mutiny. Cooks, housemaids, waiters and scullions, the collective body of servanta, vehemently urged demands upon their master, who confronted them with the calmness of despair.

The Judge was just about to retire that night when his conjectures seemed confrmed by the entrance of Mr. Mattern. "I saw you noticed that bit of a settle

ment I was having with the help, sir," began the landlord, decidedly ill at ease." The fact is I met with serious losses last winter a fool and his money, you understandand now I have the hardest kind of scratching to meet current expenses.'

rejoined the Judge in surprise.
"Yes; but don't you know, rich people

can't understand why any one should need money any more than they do; and so they take their time about paying their bills I can't attempt to hurry them. The slightest sort of a suggestion would clear the house, and so when supplies are shut down, and servants get impudent, I have to make all sorts of excuses about being so far from civilization. Lord, sir, I wish I was twice as far! Of course, in the case of an old customer, who has confidence in me, I might-I might-The Judge's heart was as kind as his

brain was keen.
"By the way, Mattern," he sa'd, taking out his pocketbook, "I can just as well pay

a month in advance if you like." Mattern did like. His thanks were profuse, but none the less sincere.

After he had gone, the Judge, in reviewing the incident as a mild relaxation for the mind, was surprised to note how little ent it afforded. The parting of his host haunted him from eyes weary

"It relieved his present anxieties only to make room for deeper trouble. Something "I ought to go. But there is restfulness

about the old soones and associations; and I would like to see little Helen again on her "Yes; I will stick it out."

This aversion to abandoning a settled plan was characteristic of the Judge. As was inevitable in a man of his age and habit, he was set in his ways. What was well to do once, it was well to continue to do. Half the time lost in life was caused by trifling change.

Personal peculiarities spring from such regularity, and the Judge had his share of them. For instance, he carried a large smount of money with him, as men used to do when he was young, instead of relying on a check book, as is the modern vogue. It followed, too, so logicaly from his neatness and particularity that it need scarcely be mentioned, that this money was always in clean, fresh bills, folded after an approved style of his own. In coming to the mountains, the Judge had changed his skies but not his methods.

He laid out his leisure in so orderly fashion that not a moment of it could lag or go astray, and so it happened that the morning after his landlord's call, being a Friday, he strolled down the village street to the post office to buy his weekly supply of

was not a person in sight, except, yes—the Judge looked again—the picturesque cld ady who had performed so admirably in the

She was tall, bent and dark, with a great nose and a curly shock of white hair. She limped as she approached, aiding herself

"Good morning, Judge Marcellus," she said familiarly, in the rather deep tones one somehow expected from her appearance.

We are both too old to stand upon ceremony, especially in the country. I am Mrs Gaither, up at the hotel, you know." "I know, I had the pleasure of hearing four exquisite music last evening, madam, or which I thank you," replied the Judge,

bowing gallantly. "Oh, as for that, music is second nature

with me. I am, therefore I play. Off for a climb to the summit house, I presume?" "No; that is too vigorous for me."
"It is cooler in the dell by the brook."

"Yes, and damper; as my rheumatism "As it was mine but a moment ago, though for no more serious a matter than the stamps

busy we have to be when we are idle." And with a smile, too hard it seemed or the wich, soft draperies and the white fully hair, the lady limped away.

The old postmaster, too, was busy i

That wan might have been idleness; peering selopes in which registered mail is en-

"Would you mind tellin' how that lady I seen you talking with jest now spells her name?" he asked. "Good," he exsimed satisfiedly as the Judge complied; that's how I writ it here and on the receep

The Judge made his purchase, taking s wisp ten-dollar note from his pocketbook, folded, according to custom, down the middle and then lengthwise.

"Must grow this sort up at the house, reflected the postmaster. "See, I got its

And he held up from the drawer a new ten dollar note, with bisecting folds. As the Judge walked soberly down the village street, he spoke aloud as he often did, when thinking hard.

"I wonder," he mused, "why she wante to learn where I was going; why she deceived me about her own errand, and how she happened to have one of the bills I gave Mattern last night."

On glancing at the superscription of the letter delivered to him a few days later by special messenger from the nearest railroad town, the Judge went directly to his room. It was from his confidential man, Abe Cronkits, who never wrote, any more than he speke, without having something to say. The letter ran as follows:

RESPECTED SIR: The Daymond case is developing so curiously that I write to warn you not to be surprised should you recognize

Matters were at this juncture, you will recollect, when I took charge on your departrecollect, when I took charge on your departure from town: The expert autopsy, held at your suggestion, revealed that David Daymond filed from vegetable poisoning.

The alteged will, made the day before his death, and effered for probate by the beneficiary thereunder, Gereid Daymond, his nephew, was shown by you to be a rank forces.

Warrant was issued for Gerald Daymond,

but before it could be served he fied to parts unknown. Neither you nor I ever saw him. Miss Capelle, the young nurse who had attended Mr. David Daymond, was arrested and held as an accessory before the fact. It that she had no professional education or standing; that her name was assumed. She has remained mute, unknown, out off from

"My subsequent investigations have convinced me that this singular and interesting young woman has been the innocent instru-ment of Gerald Daymond, whom she loves with all the intensity of simplicity. I believe that he persuaded her to go as nurse to his uncle's house in order that she might bring about their reconciliation.

I believe that Gerald, when he secretly saw

his uncle, slipped a pellet containing the poison in the medicine prescribed; that this and that through the magic of instinctive reasoning she now realizes the truth and is determined at all hazards to protect and save

It may well be, too, that family pride is an element in constraining her to preserve her incognito.

Why, through the influence of another passion even more strong than that which keeps her I find, sir, that Gerald has been something

I find, sir, that Gerald has been something of a Lotharie. A dashing young vaudeville actress called Estelle Main is known as his friend. I have watched Estelle closely, but with only one possible clue as a result.

"Yesterday she paid a milliner's bill with a fifty dollar note. Not only was this note orisp

from the bank the day you left; I have a little habit of noting such things. It may be, therefore, that through you I shall be able to find Gerald Daymond. What are marks, you may ask. Like many another villain, he is versatile and impractical; a good actor, a fine musician, possessed of almost every accomplishment except the simple one of earning an honest living.

He was penniless when he escaped, and ready money is life to him. So, too, is the freedom to enjoy it. Given these attributes and nesities, to what sort of recourse would the

spirit of intrigue urge him to turn? I need not specify the various solutions that occur, merely reminding that the unlikeliest place is the safest; but if you happen to hear of a young woman mysteriously absent from her home near Lyndon Inn, please advise me when you see me. Yours to command. ABE CRONKLTE. P. S.—Gerald is a devoted admirer of Bee-

thoven, and fond of playing his most difficult compositions.

As the Judge finished this letter his expression of intense thought softened into one of rapture. Up from the parlor floated the unequalled strains of that masterpiece of symphonic art, the "Choral Symphony,"

exquisitely rendered.

In order to hear the music more distinctly the Judge threw open the door of his sitting room. Leaning against the wall of the corridor, as if halted by a sudden shock, was his good landlady, her face wan and contorted, her hand pressed against "My dear madam," oried the Judge, in

genuine alarm, "I fear you are overtired, ill. Come in here, won't you, and rest? Let me help you to a chair, a fan, a glass of

And with oldtime courtesy he suited the action to the word. Presently the poor woman burst violently

"I can't bear it any longer," she wailed "No light, no news, though we have given up every cent we can sorape!"

"There, there, you must calm yourself," urged the Judge, administering sundry fatherly pats. "I will gladly give you the aid of my skill and experience, such as it is, Remember, I have always entertained the highest respect for you and your husbands

while little Helen, you know-"Helen, my darling; where is she? We can't find her, Judge. The more we pay that woman the more she promises; but nothing comes of it—nothing but empty pockets and broken hearts."

"I think I understand you," said the Judge meditatively. 'Natural pride and dread have restrained you from publicity. Hope has impelled you to believe the representa-tions, to submit to the exactions of the woman, yes, the woman, who is playing

"Oh, the piece she is playing! That is what overcame me just now, Judge, I never heard it but once before but I would know it, I would know it, if I heard it in heaven, if I heard it in——

"Tell me," commanded the Judge im-Falteringly, brokenly, Mrs. Mattern told

She had noted a change in Helen that spring. The girl grew pensive and abstracted, given to long, solitary walks, followed by melanoholy silences, despite

One day her mother, keeping her in sight, saw her enter a cottage frequently rented to sportsmen for a brief outing. As she watched and waited, fearful at once of action or inaction, she heard that same music which the Judge had recognized as Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," magnifi-

"God bless my soul!" oried the Judge, startled by his own progress from suspicion to conviction. "It is impossible; therefore

"That night Helen disappeared," Mrs. Mattern continued, "leaving a note that said we must not seek her—that she would return in honor or she would not return at all. Of course we've tried to find heryou can't imagine, Judge, how hard we've

"I don't need to imagine, for I know," interposed the Judge pityingly. "Time and again I have seen the wise and prudent betrayed by their affections and led from one absurdity to another greater one brough sorrow, suspense and apprehension of shame. This woman, whoever she isdon't say-came, I presume, with certain facts about Helen which won your confi-

"She certainly knows all about Helen from the time she was a little child. But oh,

"And oh, the sums you have paid for them! This imposition must be stopped at once."
"But where should we be then, Judge? Isn't it better to have even a little truth

The Judge bit his lip vexedly. "I feel morally sure," he mused. "But, then, to make such a charge against one seemingly a lady of age, respectability and

A thick set, somewhat stolld looking man; who had been standing unobserved in the shadow of the doorway, stepped into the

"Have the courage of your convictions, Judge," he said. "I just noticed a little matter down at the post office which satisfied me, as little matters often do. Why would Mrs. Gaither fall into the error of spelling her name with a 'y,' unless she has ong been acquetomed to the use of a name in which 'y' does follow 'a,' such as Day-mond, for instance?" It was Abe Cronkite.

Judge Marcellus was ill at ease that evening when he knocked at the door of Mrs. Gaither's sitting room. Notwithstanding the convincing work that he and Cronkite had been able to do by telephone and tele-graph, he yet was shaken by the fear of a dreadful mistake.

To his old fashioned notions, an insepa-

rable sanctity clung to feminine raiment and he resolved that he would make his assurance doubly sure before giving the signal which might lead to sacrilege beyond

expression and explanation. Mrs. Gaither opened the door cautiously, and, in response to the statement that his call was a business one, invited the Judge to enter. The centre light was burning but dimly, and, as she took her own place at a distance from it, she waved her visitor to a chair.

There was daintiness, there was elegance in the pose, as she sat with her jewelled hand shading her eyes: above all there was the pervasive feminine appeal for consideration All these combined to stimulate the Judge's lecorous doubts.

"It has been my experience as a lawyer, madam," the Judge began, "that in the inrestigation and solution of a mysterious case, light is apt to come from an unexpected source. But working in the dark ems to incline the wisest and best of us to suspicion, and so it also often happens that the one innocently furnishing this light is accused of complicity in the evil sought to You will pardon me, sir," interposed Mrs.

Gatther "if I say that your legal experiences. however interesting to you, seem more proix than pertinent to me." "They may be pertinent, and perhaps

even interesting to you, madam, if I am constrained thereby to give you a chance to

"To explain? Sir!" "To explain" why you sent most of the money you have extorted from the Matterns under pretence of tracing and restoring their daughter, to a very different sort of a young person, Estelle Main, the vaudeville

"Preposterous!" "Who has been living at the place and under the assumed name to which you ad-

dressed the registered package. She is in custody, and has confessed——" "Confessed! The friendly interest of a onely old woman in an ambitious and de-

erving girl." "She has confessed that she received the notes in that package—they also have been dentified-from her lover, Gerald Daymond,

"This passes all comprehension!" "Murder. Her confession has been shown o Miss Capelle in prison, who now admits

that Daymond deceived, betrayed her, ntroduced her into his uncle's house-"My God, does Helen tell all that?" "Who said anything about Helen? How loes it happen you know who Miss Capelle really is?" demanded the Judge with a sigh of actual relief. "Come, Gerald Daymond, rou have played well an evil part; but don't you think you had better go into the next

room and put on the male attire that Cronkite has provided for you? It would be more seemly. We don't want a row. There is no possibility of escape, every avenue is guarded—— It was a terrific figure which suddenly sprang up and confronted the Judge; the nore terrific for its grotesqueness of dis-

guise, for the utter inanity and insuffiiency of feminine fripperies under the revealing agony of despair.

"I will go in there," said a deep, hollow

voice, which matched the man beneath the masquerade; "for there is an escape notwithstanding——"
The Judge blew a shrill blast on a whistle

Instantly Cronkite and Mattern dashed in through the windows from the veranda roof. They reached the bedroom door, when there was a sharp report within. "He found an escape, sir, notwithstanding," said Cronkite, with a grave nod to the

SUPPLIES CUT OFF.

Effect of the San Francisco Earthquake Felt in the East.

When the news of the San Francisco calamity reached the East no New Jersey town was more sympathetic than Morrisown. Donations of money, food and clothing were solicited and sent to the lestitute Westerners. Members of the various women's clubs made house to house canvasses for relief funds, and high and low

In the midst of the excitement Mrs. K. In the midst of the excitement Mrs. K., a member of the summer colony, arrived in Morristown for the purpose of superintending the opening of her house for the approaching summer season. For the work she engaged as extra help Sam and Rose, a colored couple who make a living working by the day for Morristown families. One day Rose paused in her dusting long enough to say to her employer, "Mrs. K., there's something in my mind, and I think it sure will surprise you."

something in my mind, and I think it sure will surprise you."

"What is it, Rose?" asked her employer.

"Well, it am this, Mrs. K.: there ain't no worse San Francisco sufferers nowhere than me and Sam is, for them persons what we could depend on for their garments has now done gib 'em to them donation parties, and I tell you the truff, Mrs. K., they's left me widout a shoe to my fock.

THE NEW TEACHER IN THE TORAH SCHOOL

Abele Risnovsky, Though a Greenhorn, Makes a Hit and Gets Ambitious.

The stocky, heavy hearded principal co the Talmud-Torah (Hebrew School) leaned back, stared hard and rapped out:

"And you are a teacher?" "Yes, I'm a teacher," from the creamy faced, round shouldered, spindle shanked applicant for employment.

The principal's piercing stare slowly took in the bowed headed melamed (Hebrew teacher) from the top of his worn hat to the soles of his unshined shoes. Then his revers voice, acoustomed to authority,

"Have you taught before?" "Sure, I've taught in different places

astly in the big Brownsville Talmud-Torah. I can bring the best possible reference," the teacher clacked out with a promptness which some might have thought convincing, but which nevertheless only showed that he had schooled himself to rattle off the formula.

As a matter of fact, he had been ranging from Talmud-Torah to Talmud-Torah looking for employment, and everywhere he had failed. His statement about the Brownsville Tulmud-Torab contained a modicum of truth, for the teachers in that institution had struck for higher wages, and, owing to their well knit, secret union, the superintendent was reduced to employing any teachers he could get.

Thus this humble teacher had taught n the Brownsville Talmud-Torah for two lavs. Then the strike was settled and he again faced starvation. His chance of btaining a job being rather desperate, he did not mind improving it by some slight deviation from veracity.

Having thus delivered his studied half true statement, he furtively cast an anxious plance at the principal, to watch whether e had noticed the deception. The principal's visage was forbidding, and blankly inscrutable.

After a while the principal irrelevantly began to intone with nasal melancholy "Bom, bom, bom, la, la, la," keeping time with his thumb on the table. The teacher

fidgeted nervously.

The scene was rudely broken in upon by the turbulent intrusion of a mother with a weeping youngstes, and her noisy complaints that her offspring displayed strong antipathies to going to school, and earned nothing when he did go, and disobeyed her at home. The teacher moved to a corner, contracted himself to a minimum and vaguely wondered what was the mean-

The principal called on the juvenile culprit to produce reasons, if he could, for his misdemeanor. The latter answered with a burst of ear pieroing howls. The principal next asked whether it was his ntention to reform and be good; the offender issued more clamorous howls; the principal told the mother she might go home and he would fix the boy, whereupon the howls ecame so savage that the mother had to return and assure the boy that no harm would be done to him. Exit mother, enter second mother, same

story, same conclusions. The teacher marvelled what relation it all job, mothers would bring him children to scold and chastise. At last there was quiet, and the teacher remarked: "I can show excellent recommendations

you want any."
"I don't give a rap for your recommendations. What's your name?"

returned to his original question. "I've given the greatest satisfaction in the best schools; they were all sorry to lose dations, if you only say the word," the teacher rejoined more spiritedly, now that the principal had said he did not care for

any recommendations. "I don't think you would do at all. No. you wouldn't do. I'm sorry, but you

wouldn't do." The teacher was depressed and, saying humble good-by, to which the principal did not reply, he heavily turned to go. However, when he was at the door, he heard the principal call after him, "Mr. Risnovsky!" and he blithely returned.

"Mr. Risnovsky, you are single?"

"You wouldn't do for a teacher; you're greenhorn, but I'll give you a trial. I'll pay you twelve dollars a month, and you have to teach only four hours a day, from half past three to half past seven. Come, I'll give you your class."

While following the principal, Mr. Risnovsky rapidly calculated what disposition would make of his salary. Three dollars a month he would spend on lodging-that's a little too much, he might lodge for two dollars, but since he's

earning money why grudge himself, and why not take a separate room in partnership with another man. Well, taking three from twelve, there remains nine dollars a month. Board would cost a dollar a week and clothing and other expenses another dollar a month, so he would still have a dollar a week to

deposit in the savings bank. Heavens!

Every week one more dollar! And the savings bank pays interest, too! Threading dark, dingy hallways, the walls of which were honeycombed with prison cells-that's what the rooms looked like more than anything else-from which there penetrated the roar and hullabaloo of hundreds of children reciting at the top of their voices, according to the Jewsh method of teaching, the principal, with the teacher at his heels, plunged into a room where nearly a hundred eight and ten-year-

olds were in internecine combat. The principal, slapping, spanking, kicking, caning, beat the inchoate mass of young humanity into a semblance of order. Then a little kid abruptly squeaked, "New eacher!" and forthwith, seized by a mighty impulse which apparently it was not in their power to resist, the class set forth a flerce yell: "New teacher! New teacher!

Deafened and bewildered, poor Mr. Risnovsky thought Rabel was come anew, but the undaunted principal made short work of the unfortunate first offender, swiftly caned the class into quiet, and panting and exhausted, finally handed Mr. Risnovsky the insignia of office-a bulky prayer book and a cane, sputtering: Mr. Risnovsky nervously twitched his

give him their names, which he would write down. The teacher thought he was beginning the right way-in fact he had taken this hint from the superintendent of the big found that different institutions have different oustoms, for his present superior sniffed and waved his hand in disdain:

knees, shouldered the cane like a gun, and

in a voice which ill compared with the prin-

cipal's stentorian might, told the boys to

you got to do with their names, and what do you want to write them down for? Just

Faint hearted and apprehensive for his job, Mr. Risnovsky meekly asked what he was to teach.

"The Psalms—let them recite the Psalms,"
the principal said, leaving the room; "I'll
come later to see how you are getting on.

Maintain strict discipline."

Welladay! What an impish hubbub and

wrangle, and what a darting of buttons and marbles and topstrings there ensued as soon as the redoubtable principal was out. All Mr. Rispovsky's efforts at peace were lost in the raging sea; if he chided two boys there were about ninety-eight more who drowned his voice; if he turned his back for a moment a roaming missile would even hit the teacher himself.

Just as he was getting frantic with exasperation, the prudent principal, who knew his flook and the sort of shepherd to whom he had intrusted them, reentered the pandemonium. He glanced at the shivering teacher, who feared his occupation was gone, but, on the contrary, the principal, perhaps gratified at seeing that pieces by the sheep, smiled condescendingly, desired teacher to point out the most disorderly boys and sermonized the class, predicting dire things for the unruly and dis-

In a few hours the teacher was becoming acclimatized, and felt as if he could foresee the period in the remote future when he would be able to keep the class in order and teach them something. At the thought there came over him a great feeling of exhilaration, and in wanton sport he began naking new arrangements of his salary.

Why shouldn't he marry, now that he was saving money—a dollar every single week? Just then a woman did come in, but the first peep with the corner of his eye told Mr. Risnovsky that, whatever the woman and her mission might be, she was scarcely a likely object for his tender ambition; she was altogether too grand a ady, with a hat whose brim was of such dignified sweep that it looked much like an umbrella, and with a dress that certainly

had once been in fashion. The lady inquired about the sweet little children and their studies, smiled at the teacher, the pupils and the world in general and departed, without the though occurring to Mr. Rispovsky to ask her who she was and what she wanted.

Mr. Risnovsky was soon to regret this Within five minutes the principal rushed in as if borne by a hurricane, his grim features working with indignation and the discharge of the poor teacher almost on his

"Not to hand a chair to a member of the Board of Directresses of the Ladies' Branch of the Talmud Torah! Was ever such impudence known! Avaunt! Such a book! You a teacher in a Talmud Torahl Go, at least ask pardon of Miss Ratzenstein who is such a munificent patroness of this

holy institution!" At this moment Miss Ratzenstein, an old maid, like most patronesses of institutions,

"Why, dear me, what a fuss you make about it. It's nothing. I'm sure this gentleman here did not mean any harm," and she beamed on distracted teacher in a way that struck the keen principal with

"I beg pardon," faltered the teacher. \*Oh, it's nothing to speak of. I see you're a new teacher. I hope you're satis-

fled with the place here?" The teacher mumbled something about his more than mere satisfaction, and about his latest decision as to the economy of \$12 a month. "Oh, you're teaching the dears the

rattled on. "That's good. I like Fsalms, I'm sure. Don't you? There's nothing like Oh, I'm so glad you're teaching them the Psalms. But, oh, excuse me, may I ask your name?" "Abele Risnovsky."

"Risnovsky-that sounds real Jewish-Russian Jewish, you know. My name is Annie Ratzenstein. Oh, I'm sure-what was I saying? You enjoy the place, don't you? Oh, I'm sure I'm so glad!" Miss Ratzenstein gave teacher a queerly curved bow that included a swinging of the

head to and fro, her face wreathed in smiles, and left, accompanied by the obsequious principal. Shortly, however, the principal hurried in with ejaculations. "Reb Abele, Miss Ratzenstein has inquired about you She says you impressed her favorably! She says she'll come again to see your work! Why, man, I'll give you at once a raise of a dollar a month!" The teacher looked about sheepishly,

unable to comprehend such an avalanche of good fortune. But the session was at a close, and he wended his way homeward with a mind distracted between the exciting day's experience and the image of the

MODEL SHOVEL SALESMAN. Story Told of the Duke of Wellington and a Big Contract.

From the M. Louis Globe-Democrat.
A millionaire shovel maker, as he sat in the smoking room of an Atlantic liner, said: "I have been over to England trying to sell shovels to the British Government. I failed.

I didn't sell a shovel. A dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure. "Jones was alive, very much alive, during the battle of Waterloo. He sat on horseback near Wellington's tent. Wellington, seeing "'Who are you?'
"'I am a shovel salesman, said Jones, and I came here from Brussels to see the battle.'

"Now that you are here, said Wellington, are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my Generals? It will be a dangerous errand, but I have no one else to send."
"I'll carry your message, said Jones, and as for danger, one part of this battlefield is no more dangerous than another to-day.'
"So Wellington gave him the message, and Jones delivered it, but failed to return

The Duke thought him slain, but one day eight or nine years later a man accosted the Duke in London. "'Do you remember me?' he said.
"'I do,' said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly, 'you saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why

didn't you return to me?' cannon ball as he was returning, and he himself had been shot in the side, but not badly—a few days abed had brought him round. "'Well' 'said the Duke, 'what can I do for

you?

"I am a partner in that shovel house of ours now, said Jones, the firm name is Smith, Jenkins & Jones, and I'd like to get a Government contract.

"He got it." the millionaire ended sadly,
"From that day to this all the shovels used in
the British army and navy have been supplied
by the house of Smith, Jenkins & Jones. I
wasted my time trying to compete with that
firm."

Another Charge Against Motor Cars. From the London Daily Mail. Mid-Sussex farmers have added another count to the indictment of motorists, with

WHEN BUD DID DO HIS WORK. COPRAINED WHALES?" Case of the Ghost of a Railroad Flagmas

Who Was Lazy When Alive. "Bud Sammons, who flagged for Charley Corey, was a good fellow," said the fat engineer, "but the work germ didn't seem to get set right in his breast and Bud was always shirkin' little odd chores, which

was continually gettin' him in trouble.

"One night when Charley's fast freight was runnin' shead of No. 12 they had to stop up on the curve by Joy's woods to some hotboxes. Accordin' rules 'n' ethics of the railroad game it was up to Bud to take his red lanterns, walk back thirty-seven telegraph poles 'n' pre-

teet his train.

"I guess Bud thought they would get goin' again in a minute. At any rate, he didn't take the trouble to go back, 'n' with s rush 'n' a roar No. 12 came flyin' along 'n' rear end of Corey's train.

"When they got things straightened out bit they found Bud Sammons layin' in a heap under the platform of the caboese, dead. His indifference to a little bit, of work had cost him his life.

"A few nights after that I was comin" which I am noted, when on the track ahead of me, up by Joy's woods, I saw a little yellow circle of light, 'n' in the centre of this circle a man was wavin' his arms over his head, all possessed. Rememberin' the accurate to No. 13, I immediately gave two answerin' toots on the whistle, shut off steam 'n' slowed up preparatory to stoppin'.

"I declare to man, when we got down near to the circle it faded 'n' disappeared. I couldn't see any trace of the man who was signallin' me to stop. I felt as foolish as a hen when she finds out she's been settin' en white deorknobe.
"When I got 'em goin' again, Murphy

stepped ever to my elbow 'n' said, in an "'Did you see it?"

Sure, I says. What was it? "Why,' he says, 'that's Bud Sammons's sperrit as sure as I ever put a scoopful of coal on a fire. I suppess Bud's sperrit got o worryin' over the accident caused by his carelessness 'n' just can't keep away from the railroad track.'

"'A brace of pools for yours.' says I.
"Who ever heard tell of such a thing?" "The thing appeared to more than one crew, nevertheless, 'n' little knots of the boys whenever they got together in the bank-rooms 'n' roundhouses would get to dissussin' it. One of 'em would say:

"Sure enough I saw it with my two eyes n' I just passed the color blind examina-"An' the word was passed aroun' that strange noises oculd be heard emanatin' from Joy's woods by any one who had sand

enough to stop 'n' listen.
"Well, sir, the boys were gettin' all wrought up 'n' it was sure up to somebody to get adjacent to what was goin' on there in the vicinity of Joy's woods.
"On my next trip comin' through en
No. 12 I was just hittin' up there for all was worth by Joy's woods, but just as we came aroun' the ourse there was Bud's shadow on the job goin' through his calisthenics. I looked at my watch to see if my position as to the time card would admit

f me stoppin' for a spiritual seance 'n' "With a sigh, perhaps of regree, or I sup-pose some knockers would call it a sigh of relief, I saw that we were ten minutes late 'n', couldn't stand any temperin' with shades. I had just made this decision, put on more steam, not to hurry by the haunted spot. oh, no, just merely to make up time, when z-i-p, the air brakes were set from some

cause 'n' we came to a stop in a circle of such bright light that it blinded me. When I got so I could see I burst right

openin' in the trace was a mogro camp meetin' with the leader standin' up on a platform in front of a big row of bright lights, the colored brethren in the congregation a-groanin' 'n' goin' on accordin' to the extent they were moved by the spirit. When the wind was in the right direction it would blow the limbs of the trees apart 'n' the bright lights behind the leader of the

camp meetin' threw his shadow out over the "Of course as he warmed up in the workhead, makin' many fancy shadows out on the railroad track. When the wind died down 'n' the limbs stopped movin' the

shadow would be shut out. Altogether it had a will o' the wisp effect. "An air brake hose had burst, causin' our train to stop, but we soon got things straightened out 'n' were away from the camp meetin' grounds. The ghost was settled, however, 'n' I hope it will be a spell before we have another scare, as it's rackin'

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

A San Francisco Refugee's Experience With a Yankee Tax Collector. "This is a pretty good town, New York, now that San Francisco has been wiped off the map," said a Californian. "I have just got bere after a visit to my wife's people n a country town in Massachusetts, and here I'll stay until I get things fixed to resume my business in San Francisco.

"I'm from New England myself originally, but the West is good enough for me, and the experience I had on my visit to the Massachusetts bamlet confirms my regard for California. I went flat broke during the earthquake and fire. On the second day I had to skiddoo for the Presidio with my family, and on the hoof at that. "We didn't have three bits among the

crowd. We'd paid rent in advance only

the day before the shake, and my wife had bought a new summer hat and other fixin's, which, however, never left the stores, she having left them for alterations. "Well, as we were hiking along I met man I knew merely by sight, a barkeeper and politician, whose place was near the office of a friend of mine downtown. I

him to deliver a message to this friend if he happened to see him. He promised to do so, and then asked:
"How are you fixed? Got any coin? No? Well, I got to my safe before the fire, beat it to it by ten minutes, so take this to

beat it to it by ten minutes, so take this to help you along. Don't know you, but I guess you're all right. Pay me back when you get it.

"And he handed me \$20 from the pocketful of gold coin he had. Now wasn't that a little bit of all right? And that's the way a Western man gives up at all times. Takes no earthquake to loosen up a Westerner's heart or pockethoo's.

"Now let me tell you what happened to me in this New England town I've just quit. I had a cottage there for the summer two

was well known there, for the local paper printed the news.

"Woll, sir, I hadn't been there two days before I got a letter from the tax collector with a bill for \$1 poll tax, plus interest for two years, the tax having been charged against me because I had that cottage there two years before. What d'you think of that?

"I've sent the twenty to the San Francisco saloon man, but it would take a bigger arthquake than the April one to make me give up to that Yankes tax collector."

ASKS THE SKIPPER.

'Sure. Show 'em Off the Summer Hotels and You're Bound to Get Rich."

"Whales," said Skipper Bill Spinks of the little schooner Gussie, which is lying in the stream off Liberty Island, "whales is curi-

"There is folks as will tell you that whales sin't fish at all, but I happens to know better than that. Haven't they got talls and don't they swim in the water just like any other fish? Then, says I, fish they is. Mammals you may call them, and cetage and you may call the old girl whales cows; and the old fellows bulls, but to my way

"Fished for 'em myself many's the times and some I harpooned, but of course not in the Gussie. No, the Gussie ain't big enough for that, and she ain't got more'n enough room for half a whaleboat's crew, but fished for 'em I did, along with my father, sailing out of New Bedford in the days when there warn't no coal oil, and

What I wants to tell about is the school that we seen off the Jersey coast this last trip. Biggest school ever I see-so big guess I almost ought to call it a university, and I would, only folks generally says school, which is just one more proof that

"There they was swimmin' about us 'most all the time south of the Delaware Breakwater and this side o' the Frying Pan shoals. Sometimes they was close to the nor'ard and we wouldn't see 'em for a day or so; but they always come back, and we brought 'em with us clean up to the Hook. "I tried mighty hard to get one or two of

'em to come along inside, so's I could send one to the fish circus at the Battery, where Jenny Lind used to sing, and get another to go down to Coney, so's folks could see for themselves that whales is fish. "But I didn't have no luck this time. Soon as I can get this cargo o' logwood out the Gussie, back I am going off the Jersey shore an' make a deal to get that

hotel. Quess it will pay better's hauling

blamed school near some summer

logwood, an' the Gussie's too darned slow to go after bananas. They'd get ripe and rot in her hold before she could make Tybes light. Tam talkin' through this old hat of mine, do you? Well I sin't, and there ain't nobody what knows better what to do than I does. That school is trained and I can do pretty much what I please with it. Couldn't get it to come inside the Hook, of course, because it was afraid that I might turn it into whalebone and stuff; but since they has seen that am straitlaced and won't de no mean

tricks I can get it to play around a sum-

mer hotel as easy as fallin' off a bowsprit

in a gale of wind. You'll see that I can tell the truth. "There sin't many orithere likelier than what whales is. They got to be that, else one of 'em couldn't swallow a man whole and carry him about for weeks at a time. "That fellow's name was Jonah and they would have named me after him if they had knowed what kind o' luck I was goin' to have all the time. I'll bet that if I could trace back far enough I could skin some landin' with Willam the Conqueror-why I am just as certain as I am that I am Hvin

that that Joneh was a direct ancestor. "Them whales out there seems to think and I guess that if ever the crew took the action in their heads to chuck me over-beard there would be one of them whale right there to bring me back to little old

Manhattan. "I was sitting on the taffrai' the other night, smoking my pipe after supper, when one o' that school swim- up a'ongside and that he would like to make friends. The fellow at the wheel was keeping his eye on the peak of the foresail, steering by the wind, and didn't see it, else I could prove tt; but that whale certainly did wink and what is more he said 'Hello!'

"Now that's a whole lot for some whales to do, but this fellow did, and I answered him back as good as I could, though I can't speak much whale tak. However, we fixed it all up and he's going to get the rest of the bunch to go into the business of showing theirselves off hotels There is a lot of money to be made out of it, and the whales won't have to go off up north in the winter time to be hunted to death by whalers. All they will have to do will be to go down to Florida and the West Indies and swim about while I goes ashore and collects from

"By and by we can extend our busines to whales in all parts of the world. I think that I'll go up in Wall street and see if I can't get the company capitalized. Seems to me it would be a good way to float bonds and then folks couldn' make no nasty remarks about watering stocks and about sharks. Whales is what they would be dealing in, and of course the whales couldn't be without the water. Which is another

it all seems and sometimes it seems that there ain't no end to the possibilities Remarks about whaling big proposition and all that we don't want." The skipper paused, refilled his pipe and

proof that they is fish and not mammala.

"The more I think this over the bigger

"Young fellow," said he, "I have been lying to you all this time. I own that school of whales. The business is on a paying charter a 1,500 ton steam yacht. I won't et anybody have any stock in the company. At present I am only showing the whales off hotels; but we have agreed to whales off hotels; but we have agreed to kill so many of the old whales each year and cut them up for the blubber and bone, to say nothing of the ambergris and such like. It's one of the younger whales that saw into that end of the business. We are going to have refineries and a system of submarine pipe lines to carry the cil into all the big cities. It will be so cheap that persons will use it instead of gas and electricity.

"Have you got a cigar about you? All the whalebone we have produced lately we sold to a correct factory, and as it is a tight squeeze far them to get money just now I am short. Thanks.

"But don't you let any one tell you that whales am't fish—they is suckers and suckers of the biggest kind, else I never could have got 'em in the combine." stopped him, told him my name and asked

From the London Globe, cannon ball which had lain buried since

634 was yesterday recovered from a field on